

A  
HYMN-BOOK

For the  
*CHILDREN*  
belonging to the Bre-  
thren's Congregations:

*Taken chiefly out of the GER-  
MAN little Book.*

In three Books.

---

*Out of the Mouth of Babes, &c. Pf. 8*

---



In the Year, 1756.

R

M

J

Y

ture

pre

thin

of J

Inte

Job

Hea



*PREFACE to the German*  
*CHILDREN'S - BOOK.*

My dear Children, .

*J*OH<sup>N</sup>, being in the Spirit, *saw*  
*small and great standing. Rev.*

XX. 12.

You know, that whatever Scrip-  
ture-Matter I read, I am used to re-  
present it quite real to myself. Me-  
thinks, I see the pious Deportment  
of *Jesus* whilst yet a Youth. I see his  
Interview with *Mary Magdalen*. I see  
*John* leaning on *Jesus's* Breast. My  
Heart can see *God's* Wrath

In what on *Him* did fall ;  
The Fountain too and Bath  
For my Offences all.

a

Now

Now as I (to supply in some measure the Grace miss'd through the Impossibility of celebrating the holy Sacrament every Hour) represent and place constantly before my Eyes *His* substantial Person, not only in all his liturgical Actions under the Old Testament, but especially in his Likeness of sinful *Flesh*; for 'tis there I observe with tender Concern,

How in Man's Person He  
Pray'd hard for my Election,  
and how

----- for all my Need  
He willingly upon the Cross  
To Death himself did bleed,  
and take a View both of his Corpse,  
and of the glorified Man with all  
his Scars, (from the torn Fore-head  
to the last Toe seen in the Cloud at  
his Ascension:) So I do almost the  
same with regard to his *Bride*.

Indeed



INDEED since none is able to see  
her aright, but He;

(The sev'n Lamps round the Throne,  
their Fire

Lends Light this Vision to admire!)

it follows of course, that I must account the Sight I have in this respect but very imperfect. When I represent HIM to myself, I do it waking; but all the Prospect I can attain of the entire Figure of my Sister the Church, is as yet but like a Dream.

BUT here I will tell you what Shift I make. Since I cannot yet fly up thither, where *small and great stand before God*; I contrive how to get Small and Great, in a competent Number, together here:

That they in Foretaste may enjoy the  
Sabbath,

Until each of them in Christ sweetly  
sleepeth,

And, having pass'd thro' this World's various Weathers,  
Lands with the others.

AND herewith it has darted into my Mind, that You his Small-ones have as yet no Hymn-book of your own. Therefore I set myself down to compile one for you.

ACCORDINGLY you have here a little *Hymn-book*. It consists of some hundreds of ejaculatory Aspirations, which are simple and easy enough, though otherwise not all of a long Standing. They are taken out of the *Sharon-book*; and considering the close Concatenation of the Verses, [or † Fragments, as it often happens, of Verses] are in Effect so many Singing-hours ready to your Hand.

You

---

† Such as are to be sung to the Middle or latter Part of a Tune, are distinguished here by a smaller Capital Letter.

world's va-  
 cers,  
 ed into  
 all-oncs  
 of your  
 down  
 You may use them sometimes for  
 that Purpose; but by no means do it  
 always, lest the Singing-hours kept  
 out of the Fulness of the Heart  
 should thereby come into Disuse,  
 which would be a Damage not to  
 be compensated.

here a  
 some  
 tions,  
 ough,  
 long  
 of the  
 g the  
 rses,  
 eens,  
 many  
 and.  
 You  
 e or  
 here  
 A LIVING Congregation must e-  
 very Day think, and speak, and  
 pray, and sing together in Fellow-  
 ship. But then every single Soul  
 must also do the same by and for it-  
 self. For supposing a Child should  
 let one Day slip without *thinking* in  
*private* about Him who died for  
 him; or, that he did not every Day  
 about that great Matter hold secret  
 Conversation with the *Saviour* him-  
 self in *Prayer*; that he did not every  
 Day, to his nearest Acquaintance, ut-  
 ter some *Word* or other *savouring* of  
 Him:

Him, not every Day *ſing* to and concerning Him, at leaſt *within the Heart*; ( I add this, becauſe in Nurseries, where there is ſo much Singing in Company, it may be difficult to find every Day a Corner or Place to ſing alone *vocally*, and vocal Singing is alſo more a ſocial Act :) The Soul of ſuch a negligent Child, one might certainly conclude, is either ſick already in the Point of Faith, or will not continue long well.

THIS was what I had to ſay to you. May GOD let you feel His Kiſs! May the Father rejoice over you! and continue ye in the Lamb's Name! let his Childhood help you to childlike Joy! May the Mother alſo kiſs you, and do for you as her Children! And Thou Atoner for my Sin! my Other Self! take, O

take

take our Little-ones for Thy own.

Sept. 5. 1754.

*Thus far the Preface.*

*SUCH Verses and Ejaculations are much more beautiful in the Original, than in any Translation. How hard would it be, for Instance, to equal in a Translation the Neatness of those Lines:*

Ja, Lamm' dein himmlisches Gemüth,  
Dein' unbeflekte Jugend,  
Und dein jungfräuliches Geblüt  
Verwandle uns in Tugend!

Yes, Lamb! thy, &c. Page 46.

*It may not be improper to subjoin here a few German Verses, such as are most in Use amongst us, and, several of them, already well known in the English Version.*

I.

BIST mir willkomm'n, du edler Gast!  
Den Sünder nicht verschmähet hast,

Und

viii

)o(

Und kömmt ins Elend her zu mir,  
Wie soll ichs immer danken Dir?

Welcome, O welcome, &c.

II.

DEN Leib, die Seel, das Leben  
Hat ER allein uns geben;  
Dieselben zu bewahren,  
Thut Er so gar nichts sparen.

Soul, Body, and each, &c.

III.

AVE, mein lieber Mann!

Ave für deinen Bann!

Ave für deinen Fleiß!

Ave für deinen Schweiß!

Ave fürs Todes-Eiß!

Ave, du Mund so blafs!

Ave, du Wangen-Nafs!

Ave, du Blick so grafs!

Ave, zerpeitschte Haut!

Stirn mit Blut beihaut!

Mutter-statt der Braut!

Ave, Spouse, &c.

IV.

ICH blikke nach der Höhe,

Wo ich, in Angst und Weh

Mein Einigs Herze sehe

So

S  
Inco  
Erse  
U  
Auf

My E  
Death  
Heart  
weep.  
as new  
his Loc

Or, I  
Anxier  
tain F  
rable fi  
to me t  
head,

WE  
Und  
Geh  
Her

Whe  
gays f  
Heart

ME

So blutig weinende.  
 Incomparabler Strahl!  
 Erschein mir tausendmal,  
 Und mir den Todes-Kummer  
 Auf seiner Stirn, abmahl'.

My Eyes I'm thither turning, where in  
 Death's Anguish deep, That matchless  
 Heart is burning For Love, does bleed and  
 weep. Incomparable View! Appear again  
 as new, Repeat to me that Picture Of  
 his Look's dying Hue.

Or, I look up to that Mountain, where in  
 Anxiety Run down a Blood-Tears Foun-  
 tain From my dear Heart I see. Incompa-  
 rable sight! Appear to me still bright, and  
 to me that Death's Anguish Upon his Fore-  
 head, paint.

## V.

WENN ich mich will erquicken,  
 Und schöne Blümlein pflücken,  
 Geh' ich zum rosen-rothen  
 Herz - Gärtlein meines Todten.

When Garlands I'm for twisting, or Nose-  
 gays fresh, I hasten To th' Roses in th'  
 Heart's Garden of my so faithful Dead-one.

## VI.

MEINES Herzens Neigung war

Wär, die tiefe Beugung  
 Ueber Jesu Schmerz,  
 Ein zerstoß'nes Wesen,  
 Da man draus kan lesen  
 Ein verliebtes Herz,  
 Den vom Blut - stich schönen Geist,  
 Eine kranke Leibes-hohle,  
 Aber frische Seele.

This were my Ambition, The affecting  
 Vision Of my Saviour's Pain; To be there-  
 by melted, so that each one felt it how I  
 lov'd that Man: Then Blood - streak  
 should comely make, and, tho' Flesh might  
 be impaired, Healthy keep my Spi it.

# VII.

ALLEIN ein Thomas - Glücke  
 Auf ein paar Augen-blikke,  
 Dem wollt ich zu gefallen  
 Gern tausend Meilen wallen,  
 2. Mich zum Gerippe sehnen,  
 Und einen Bach von Thränen  
 Aus meinen Augen schürten,  
 Wenn Er sich liefs erbitten.  
 3. Doch, lieber Gott, was wähl' ich !  
 Mach mich beym Gläuben selig.  
 Willst du die Augen binden ?  
 Mein Herz kan blindlings finden.

In  
 joy or  
 would  
 2. T  
 of T  
 1 end  
 3. Y  
 me by  
 whie  
 blind

A

W

V

S

I

Bor  
 ble C  
 othe  
 th' l  
 none  
 rit



Indeed there's so much in it, I to enjoy  
one Minute the happy Lot of *Thomas*,  
would walk the world's whole Conquest,

2. T' a skeleton would pine me, a River  
of Tears rainy From my poor Eyes be  
sending, If there were Eyes to bend him.

3. Yet I'd from Chusing stop me! Make  
me by Faith now happy. Must th' Eyes,  
while here, confid' be? My Heart can  
blindfold find thee.

### VIII.

ACH, Bein von meinen Beinen!

Du edles Angesicht!

Wie bald Du wirst erscheinen

Leibhaftig, weiß man nicht,

Wie dich Lief an der Zahl

Stehn sah'n in ihrem Saal:

Aufs wenigste erschein uns

Im Geist den Tag einmal.

Bone of my Bone, my Brother! Thou no-  
ble Countenance! how soon thy Church an-  
other Visit from thee obtains, As Thee  
th' Elev'n when met, saw 'midst them,  
none knows yet: Each Day at least in Spi-  
rit One Interview let's get.

WIR blikken nach der Höhe,

Wo unser einigs Herz

Vielleicht vor unsrer Sāhe

Steht, und blickt niederwärts:

Das Auge ist nur zu,

Du nahes Herze du!

Doch unser Herze fühlet

Dein's Da-seyns Sabbaths-Ruh.

Our Eyes we're upward turning! Mean-  
while our matchless Heart Perhaps streight  
'fore us yearning A Look doth downward  
dart: Our inly-near Friend, Thee we only  
must not see; Yet th' Heart feels, through  
thy Presence, Sabbath-ferenity.

## X.

BLEIBT's Auge dieser Hütte gleich

Noch zu für die geliebte Leich,

Doch was dem einen sinn gebricht,

Das fehlet all'n den andern nicht.

2. Das Herze hört den sächtesten Gruf;

Wie kräftig fühlts den mattsten Kuß;

Spürt aus das schwächlichste Geweb;

Kost't seiner Beulen jegliche.

Disabled tho' these Eyes remain Sight of  
the lov'd Corpse new t' attain, Yet what

to one sense is deny'd, Is not refus'd to all beside.

2. His softest Tone the Heart wo'n't miss  
To hear; it feels his faintest Kiss; smells,  
traces each small Corpse's-wind; The  
Taste of ev'ry Wound can find.

## XI.

MEIN Anliegen ist eigentlich,  
DAS

Er soll von Jahr zu Jahren mich  
ein jed's absonderlich  
Mehr merklich auf die Seite nehm'n,  
Und durch Umarmungen beschäm'n.

My heart's Concern is properly,  
Our

That he from Time to Time may me  
may each partie'larly  
Take quite alone, and so embrace,  
That o'er his Love may blush <sup>my</sup> Face.  
<sub>our</sub>

## XII.

LASS meine Seele schritt vor schritt  
Mit deiner Seele zieh'n,  
Und nimm sie allenthalben mit  
In deine Liturgien.

O! Step for Step, &c.

## XIII.

## XIII.

DIE Gnade dieser Zeit besteht  
 In dem andächtig seyn  
 Zur heiligen Humanität  
 Des Hauptes der Gemein.

The Grace of this Time doth consist In  
 tend'rest Reverence Towards th Humani-  
 ty of Christ, the Church's Head & Prince.

## XIV.

WAS wein'st du? warum girrt die Kehl?  
 Ich jamme vor Gebrech und Fehl;  
 Ich giere nach der Seiten-hohl;  
 Ich weine, ach! nach seiner Seel.

Why weep'st thou? wherefore all these  
 Plaints? I mourn because of Paul's and  
 wants; Into the Side's warm Nest I'd  
 creep; After His Soul I wish to weep.

## XV.

WIR empfehl'n uns seiner Seel  
 Auf die künft'gen Stunden;  
 Grüßen Dir, Immanuel!  
 Alle deine Wunden.

To his Soul we us commend For the fol-  
 lowing Moments; Greeting each Bruise of  
 our Friend, his all-healing Torments.

## XVI.

## XVI.

AN's Leichelein das blasse  
 Da halte ich mich vest,  
 So dafs ichs Leben lasse,  
 Wo mich der Blik verläßt.  
 Ich lebe in Der Luft,  
 Bis du mich heimgेरuft;  
 Dein Leiden ist mein Siegel  
 Auf Herz und Mund und Hirn.

Upon thy Corpse so pallid Does hang my  
 Hope and Joy; were its dear sight recalled,  
 I instantly must die. I live but in that Air,  
 Till thou transplant me there; I on Heart,  
 Mouth & Forehead, Thy Suffering's Soul  
 do bear.

## XVII.

DEIN heiliges öhl  
 Durchgeh meine seel,  
 Und jeder Gedank  
 Sey um den Genuß deiner Innigkeit krank.  
 Thy Oil tinge, &c.

## XVIII.

DIE Seele Christi heil'ge mich,  
 Und mach mich Einen Geist mit sich;  
 Sein Leichnam, der für mich verwundet,  
 Erhalt' mir Leib und Seel gesund.  
 The Soul of Christ, &c.

## XIX.

DASS der sinn des Lamms Sinn gleiche,  
Und die Hütte seiner Leiche.

That the Mind the Lamb's re-  
semble, &c.

## XX.

WENN ich nun mit meinem Mann alleine,  
Das ist, schön im Himmel bin,  
Und ich mich nur darauf, daß ich seine,  
Und nicht mehr auf mich besinn;  
So bedien ich mein sterbend Gebeine,  
Weil ichs anzusehen hab als seine,  
Und bleib vest darauf gestellt,  
Daß es Leichnams - Art behält.

When I now am with, &c.

## XXI.

GEIST, seel und Leib so deine bleib,  
Daß kein Gedank,  
Auch nicht der kleinste Hang  
Sich, in der fremde hier,  
Mein ander Ich! von Dir verlier;  
Mein! jeder schlag Der Adern mag  
Ein Echo seyn  
Von Lamm, Blut und Gemein.

Soul, Spirit, Limb, &c.

## XXII.

## XXII.

IA wo dein Buß-kampfs-Blut  
 Den Boden düftig mache,  
 Begrab ich allen Muth  
 Der unklammhaftig dachte;  
 Mein Fleisch von deinem Fleisch,  
 Mein Bein von deinem Bein,  
 Soll immer im Geräusch  
 Der Leichnamis-Lüfte seyn.

Where agonizing, &c.

## XXIII.

WAS ist Er dir dann?

Mein ewiger Mann,  
 Mein einziger Schmerz,  
 Mein einiges wohlseyn, mein Leben, mein  
 Herz. What is he in brief, &c.

## XXIV.

UM mehr Vertraulichkeiten  
 An unsers Mannes Seiten,

Um mehr Zerfloffenheit,  
 Auf Kreuz-Delicateffen

Noch mehr zu seyn eissen,

Da nach trägt man noch immer Leid.

To be as I ought justly, That He could  
 call me Trusty; To be more melted still;  
 For th' exquisit' Recesses Of th' Cross

xviii

o)(o

t' have keener Wishes, I want ; and 't does  
with Pain me fill.

XXV.

DER König wende sich zu dir,  
Und deine Narde riech :  
Und seine Salbe die curir'  
Was an dir schwach und siech.

Thy King upon, &c.

XXVI.

-- WIR und seine ganze Haus-Familie,  
Wir verwünschen uns zu seiner Lillie,  
Wie Er sie gern sieht und riecht,  
Wenn Er sich zur Kirche fügt.

With his chosen Household blest so highly,  
Unto Him we wish to prove a Lily, Such  
as he can smell with Joy, when he to the  
Church draws nigh.

XXVII.

DEIN Schweiß und Blut  
Lass über uns regnen,  
Uns kan auf Erden  
Nichts besser segnen.  
O theurer Schweiß ! O heilges Blut !  
Thy Blood-sweat, &c.

XXVIII.

O da weint mein Herr

über



Ueber seinem Schmerz!  
 Ihm ist der durch-bohrten Füße  
 Ihr geronnen Blut so süße;  
 O wie küßts die Hand  
 An den Baum gespannt!

O then weeps, &c.

XXIX.

HOECHSTE Majestät,  
 Priester und Prophet!  
 Deinen Zepter will ich küssen,  
 Ich will sitzen Dir zu Füßen  
 Wie Maria that: Höchste Majestät!  
 Highest King & Priest, &c.

XXX.

DA weinen sie einander nach,  
 Das Sünder-Herz nach Ihm,  
 Das Herze das verdienstlich brach,  
 Aus Liebe und Estim.

Then weep they, &c.

XXXI.

-- DA sitzt unser Meister auf dem Stuble,  
 Wenn Er ausgeküßt hat, hält er Schulle,  
 Und bringt uns so spielend bey  
 Was zu observiren sey.

On his Chair He seats himself, who rules us,

And when he has well caref'd, then schools  
us, Teaching him in gentle way, How  
he'd have us Day by Day.

## XXXII.

WIR freun uns in Zerflossenheit,  
Und wollen Marien seyn,  
Eis das Du uns zu andrer Zeit  
Zu Marthen ladest ein.

We're glad & melted, and will thus mere  
*Maries* be just now, Till thou another Time  
bidd'st us Like *Martha's* move and do.

## XXXIII.

ZIEH uns an mit neuer Gnade,  
Setze uns in neue Grade:  
Dir mit Leib und Seel zu dienen,  
Heilige uns Herz und Minen.

With new Grace cloath & array us, Un-  
to new Degrees convey us; Thee to serve  
with Soul and Body, Hallow Heart and Ge-  
sture, godly.

## XXXIV.

SEGNE, segne uns aus freyem Thieb,  
Und begegne uns, du ew'ge Lieb!  
Du von Blut zerichwollnes Haupt  
Für ein jedes das dirs glaubt,  
Wenn doch jedes vor Dir stehen blieb!

Pour t  
with C  
Thou f  
Soul th  
ever th

BR  
O J  
U  
Wil  
So l  
L

NIN  
Bey  
U  
Laf  
Vor  
I

WI  
Da  
V  
Da

Pour thy Blessings, and them ne'er remove;  
 with Caressings meet us, Heart of Love!  
 Thou so bruif'd and bleeding Head for each  
 Soul that's to Thee fled! Grant, each of us  
 ever thine may prove.

## XXXV.

BREIT aus die Flügel beyde,  
 O Jesu meine Freude,  
 Und nimm dein Küchlein ein!  
 Will Satan eins verschlingen,  
 So laß die Engel singen:  
 Dis Kind soll unverletzt seyn.  
 Display thy, &c.

## XXXVI.

NIMM mich mit Liebs-erbarmen  
 Beym Herz und bey den Armen,  
 Und setz dein Siegel drauf:  
 Laß mich verschlossen werden  
 Vor dem Geräusch der Erden,  
 Dir aber mache selber auf.  
 O take me by, &c.

## XXXVII.

WIE bin ich doch so herzlich froh,  
 Daß Hoffnung ist, ich werde so,  
 Wie ich Ihm kan gefallen;  
 Daß ich möge mit Jesulein,

Dem wunder-schönen Bräutigam mein,  
In steter Liebe wallen!

O ich Freu mich,  
Dass ich bleibe An dem Leibe  
Meiner Liebe  
Eine lebendige Riebe.

How is my Heart, &c.

## XXXVIII.

IN meines Herzens Grunde  
Dein Nam' und Creutz allein  
Funkte all zeit und stunde;  
Drauf kan ich frölich seyn.  
Erschein mir in dem Bilde  
Wie Du für meine Noth  
Herr Christe! dich so milde  
Geblutet hast zu todt.

Grant, in the Bottom, &c.

## XXXIX.

O JESU Christ mein schönstes Licht,  
Der du in deiner Seelen  
So hoch mich liebst, dass ich es nicht  
Ausprechen kan noch zehlen!  
Gieb, dass mein Herz Dich wiederum  
Mit Lieben und Verlangen Mog umfassen,  
Und, als dein Eigenthum,  
Nur einzig an Dir hängen.

O Christ, my sweetest, &c.

## XL.

O VATER ! freu Dich meiner,  
Ich bin des Sohnes einer ;

Ach Mutter ! segne mich,

Und thu an mir als Kinde ;

Verföhner meiner Sünde !

Da hast Du mich, mein ander Ich !

O Father, me, &c.

## XLI.

ICH, ich und meine Sünden,

Die sich wie Kornlein finden

Des Sandes an dem Meer,

Die haben Dir erregt

Das Elend, das Dich schläget,

Und das betrübte Marter-Heer.

2. Du springst ins Todes Rachen,

Mich frey und los zu machen

Von solchem Ungeheur ;

Den Tod nimmst Du mir abe,

Vergräbst ihn in dem Grabe -

O unerhörtes Liebes-Feu'r !

I, I and my, &c. Into Death's, &c.

## XLII.

MIT dem reinen Jesus-Kindlein

Wilk' ich mich in seine Windlein,

Und erwart in diesem Kleide

Der Erscheinung seiner Freude.

'Gainst what's sinful, &c. See p. 6.

### XLIII.

SO sollen die Unmündigen  
Den Tod des Herrn verkündigen,  
Und daß Du GOTT am Creutz verblasst  
Himmel und Erd geschaffen hast.

Thus shall ev'n infant Tongues record the  
mighty Dying of the Lord, And that He  
who on Cross grew pale, Is GOD the Archi-  
tect of All.

### XLIV.

.. ERBARM dich nun der ganzen Welt,  
Und segne was sich zu Dir hält.  
Let all the World thy Mercy, &c.

### XLV.

ES segne uns GOTT unser GOTT,  
Nach Jesu Testament,  
Und der Mann mit fünf Wunden roth,  
Durchs heilge Sacrament.

May God our God, &c.

### XLVI.

WENN sich die Kinder freuen,  
Die in der alt und neuen  
Versorgung ihres Treuen  
Von Jahr zu Jahr gedeyhen; 2. So

2. So  
Nicht  
Ein  
Gar  
3. De  
Der  
Der  
Sie  
When

FU  
Un  
So  
Un  
2. H  
Dur  
Bis  
Ihr

IN d  
M  
Lafs  
Ei  
Die  
Haus  
De  
Se  
To

2. So denken sie darneben  
Nicht ans elende Leben:  
Ein seligs Herz kan deffen  
Gar mit der Zeit vergeffen.

3. Der Priester mit dem Oele  
Der Freud für Leib und Seele,  
Der macht sich bald zu ihnen,  
Sie niedlich zu bedienen.

When children, &c. They, &c. The Priest, &c.

### XLVII.

DU bist nicht mehr in dieser Welt,  
Uns hast du so dahin gestellt:  
So siegle uns der Sünde nu  
Und aller Noth der Erden zu!

2. Halt unsre Kleider hell und rein  
Durch dein Blut und dein Blut allein,  
Bis Du wirst ewig der Gemein  
Ihr Lamm und Licht und Tempel seyn.

In this world now, &c. Let the, &c.

### XLVIII.

IN das weiche Betulein deiner Seite,  
Mein herz-liebes Jesulein!

Lass Dir von dein'm Haus-gefinde heute

Diese Nacht empfohlen seyn

Die Diasporan der lieben deinen

Haus- und Orts- und pilgernden Gemeinen!

Der durchgrabnen Hände Weh

Segne sie zu Land und See.

To thy open, &c.

LU.

*Luther's Paraphrase of the Creed  
and Ten Commandments, (by which  
a Child may accustom himself a little to  
read the Language) is as follows :*

§ 3. Ich glaube, daß mich Gott  
\* 3. \* erschaffen hat, laßt allen  
creaturen: mir Leib und Seel,  
Augen, Ohren und alle Glieder,  
vernunft und alle Sinne gege-  
ben hat, und noch erhält: Darzu  
Kleider, schuhe, Essen, trinken,  
Haus und hof, [Weib und Kind,  
Acker, vich] und alle Guter,  
mit aller Nothdurft u. Nahr-  
ung des Leibes u. Lebens reich-  
lich und täglich versorget, wider  
alle Fährlichkeit beschirmet, und  
vor allem Uebel behütet und be-  
wahrt; Und das alles aus lau-  
ter väterlicher göttlicher Güte u.  
Barmhertzigkeit, ohn all me-  
r.

berdie  
alles i  
toben,  
gehört  
Was

Ich  
Christ  
vom  
ren,  
Men  
ria ge  
mich  
en  
ben,  
den,  
walt  
Gol  
seint  
und  
ley  
ich  
Re



verdienst u. Würdigkeit. Dels  
alles ich Ihm zu danken und zu  
loben, und dafür zu dienen, und  
gehorsam zu seyn schuldig bin.  
Was ist gewisslich wahr.

Ich glaube, dals **IESU**  
Christus, wahrhaftiger **GOTT**,  
vom Vater in Ewigkeit gebohr-  
ren, und auch wahrhaftiger  
Mensch von der Jungfrauen Ma-  
ria gebohren, sey mein Herr, der  
mich verlohnen u. vergewalt-  
en Menschen erlöset hat, erwor-  
ben, gewonnen, von allen Sün-  
den, vom Tod und von der Ge-  
walt des Teufels, nicht mit  
Gold oder silber, sondern mit  
seinem heiligen theuren Blut,  
und mit seinem unschuldigen  
Leiden und Sterben; auf dals  
ich sein eigen sey, und in seinem  
Reich unter Ihm lebe, u. Ihm

die

diene in ewiger Gerechtigkeit,  
 Unschuld und Seligkeit; gleich  
 wie Er ist auferstanden von den  
 Todten, lebet u. regiret in E-  
 wigkeit. Das ist gewisslich  
 wahr.

Ich glaube, daß ich nicht aus  
 eigener vernunft noch kraft an  
 Jesum Christum meinen Herrn  
 glauben oder zu Ihm kommen  
 kan, sondern der Heilige Geist  
 hat mich durch das Evangelium  
 beruffen, mit seinen Gaben er-  
 leuchtet, im rechten Glauben  
 getheiligt u. erhalten; gleichwie  
 Er die ganze Christenheit auf  
 Erden beruft, sammlet, erleuch-  
 tet, heiligt, u. bey Christo Je-  
 su erhält im rechten einigen  
 Glauben: In welcher Christen-  
 heit er mir u. allen Glaubigen  
 täglich alle Sünden reichlich ver-  
 gibt,

gibt,  
 und  
 wird,  
 gen i  
 Lebe  
 wil

stau  
 und  
 GD  
 wir  
 schwo  
 trug  
 len  
 ben  
 die  
 vera  
 lig ha  
 = = =  
 Her  
 zurn  
 halte

gibt, u. am jüngsten Tage mich  
und alle Todten auferwecken  
wird, u. mir samt allen glaubi-  
gen in Christo Iesu ein ewiges  
Leben geben wird. Das ist ge-  
wisslich wahr.

**Hu!** Ir sollen **G**ott über alle  
Dinge fürchten, Lieben,  
und vertrauen. Wir sollen  
**G**ott fürchten u. Lieben, das  
wir bey seinem **N**amen nicht  
schwören, zaubern, lügen oder  
trügen; sondern denselben in al-  
len Nothen anrufen, beten, lo-  
ben u. danken. === Das wir  
die Predigt und sein Wort nicht  
verachten, sondern dasselbige hei-  
lig halten, gerne hören u. lernen.  
=== Das wir unsere Eltern u.  
Herren nicht verachten noch er-  
zürnen, sondern sie in Ehren  
halten, ihnen dienen, gehorchen,  
sie

sie lieb und werth halten. - - - Dafs wir unserm Nächsten an seinem Leibe keinen Schaden noch Leyd thun, sondern ihm helfen und fordern in allen Leibes-Nothen.

- - - Dafs wir keusch und züchtig leben in Worten und Werken; und einjeglicher sein Gemahl lieben und ehren. - - - Dafs wir unserm Nächsten sein Geld oder Gut nicht nehmen, noch mit falscher Waar oder Handel an uns bringen; sondern ihm sein Gut und Nahrung helfen bessern u. behüten.

- - - Dafs wir unserm Nächsten nicht fälschlich belügen, verrathen, afterreden, oder bösen Leumund machen; sondern sollen ihn entschuldigen, guts von ihm reden, und alles zum besten kehren.

- - - Dafs wir unserm Nächsten nicht mit List nach seinem Erbe oder Hause stehen, noch mit einem Schein des Rechtens an uns bringen, sondern ihm dasselbige zu behalten, forderlich und dienstlich seyn. - - Dafs wir unserm Nächsten sein Weib, Gefinde, oder Vieh, nicht abspannen, abdingen, oder abwendig machen; sondern dieselbige anhalten dafs sie bleiben, und thun was sie schuldig sind.


a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q  
r s t u v w x y z aaü.



# Children's HYMN-BOOK:

BOOK I.  
Containing Doctrine.

Chap. I. *General Introduction.*

 IRE I requir'd to show  
My Life's Work I have done,  
I've the Lamb been lov-  
ing

**M**Y Hand into his Side-wound thrust-  
ing,

I adore thee, My Lord, my God! --

**O**Riginally by Nature I  
No Angel am of God;  
Yet does like Office on me lie,  
With Aids to make it good.

Now

A

NOW be Glory to the Side repeated,  
That I, Sinner, was to be  
A Blood-needing human Soul, not treated  
With bright Angel's Destiny.

I Am however  
One Spirit, Lord, with Thee,  
Thou blessed Lover !

VEil'd and trembling in his Presence  
Stands the purest Seraph-Effence;  
While poor Man, that Worm befriended  
Looks at Grace's Sun unblinded.

THE King, who for Requital  
Looks not, knows how unequal  
My Dress is and Demeanour  
For such angelic Honour.

I know how very poor I am :  
I oft could hide my Face for Shame,  
And deep Humiliation.

YET when from the *Pleura* bloody,  
On my Soul and ev'n the Body  
There beam Rays incomparable,  
I become ineffimable.

\* o \*

ABOUT myself I'm not cast down :  
I know on whom my Faith's reposed  
I know

I know I'm safe in Him inclosed;  
To Him my Tenderness is known.

**T** Is certain, He is a loving Heart:  
For th' World's Health he with his  
Blood did part;  
He loves his Church dearly; He loves  
poor Sinners:  
He loves small Children, those young  
Beginners;  
He loves ev'n me.

**W** Hat is He in brief?  
My Husband for Life,  
My sole Care and Smart,  
My sole Joy and Comfort, my Life and  
my Heart.

**W** Hat in his Love possess I not?  
My Star by Night, my Sun by Day,  
My Spring of Life when parch'd with  
Drought,  
My Wine to cheer, my Bread to stay,  
My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,  
My Robe before the Throne of God.

**L** ove is his Nature still,  
Faithful his Heart and Will;  
I am his helpless Worm,  
Whereon He shews his Skill.

ONE time gave He me a Kiss,  
 So endearing,  
 I without Him can't since this  
 Life be bearing,  
 From that Moment He's my Taste  
 Without Rival:  
 All beside seems trivial.

SCARCE am I well awake,  
 Each Morning I look back,  
 Whether within my Circle  
 Since yesterday some Thistle  
 Or Weed might be remaining,  
 And Him and me be paining?

WHEN now with him I venture  
 On my Day's Work to enter,  
 Then *Cake'ry* with its Spices  
 Me to preserve solicites.

\* o \*

LET, instead of fruitless Hurry,  
 T'hang on Him be my Life's Story;  
 Let, instead of much Describing,  
 Me his Death's Pow'r be imbibing.

AND t'hear what this great Lord & God  
 The Priest ministering by his Blood,  
 To let me hear is pleased.

HIS Spirit is the sov'reign  
 Possessor of my Heart:

No



No Grief dares there to govern,  
He checks the deepest Smart.

And heals by his Unction, Souls faint  
and grieving,  
That creep directly to the Cross believing.  
Hallelujah !

HE in my Heart doth shed abroad  
God's dear and never-dying Love:  
Yet scarce a Day, but his sharp Rod  
Doth me in Faithfulness reprove.

For th' Unction does incessant  
Call bitter, or call pleasant  
Each Thing, as 'tis in Jesu's Heart.

TH' Instructor motherly most helps my  
Eying Of Jesu's Dying.

Lamb' strengthen thou my Heart  
By th' Spirit, to depart  
From ev'ry thing for ever,  
Which Thee and me could sever:  
Keep me, thou white and ruddy !  
A Member of thy Body.

For, till I can my Spouse embrace  
In Way not granted yet,  
On what He once performed has  
For me, I'll meditate.

A Child of Grace I'll 'bide,  
Enamour'd with his four Nail-prints  
dear;

A Dove in Cross's Air,  
Who love-sick still doth pine  
After the Side's blest Shrine.

\* \* \*

THE Covenant's made!  
My Spons<sup>e</sup> has decreed  
My Suit to fulfil,  
And I'll be his Servant, rest in Him,  
love still.

THings e'er so great or little,  
Whate'er else I may prove,  
They shall me not a Tittle  
From his dear Heart remove.

I would leave for Jesus  
All the Wealth of *Cræsus*,  
Pleasure, Pomp, and Pow'r;  
Sin, thou great Leceiver,  
Now subside for ever,  
Lift thy Head no more:  
One Adieu I give to you,  
Death more fitly call'd, than Living;  
I'm in Christ believing.

'GAINST what's sinful and unhappy,  
With Babe Jesus I will wrap me

In his  
And

His  
T Mu  
Which  
When

IF out  
I th  
T

HOW  
V

How  
To to

c. A  
Wh  
Wh  
And

HO

My

A

A

In his Swaddling-cloaths so holy,  
And thus dress'd, wait for his Glory.

-Prints

**T**His Act's not seen by fleshly Eye;  
Much less can that the Works descry,  
Which in still Souls performs the Saviour,  
When ceasing from Man's vain Endeavour.

**I**F others did but know Him plain,  
I think no Breast could e'er restrain  
T'wards him to burn like mine.

Him,

**H**ow *Peter* him lov'd,  
When him he had prov'd!  
How *Thomas* did sigh  
To touch him, and th' holy Side's Virtue  
to try!  
And at the Lamb's Look  
What *Mary* partook,  
When her He did greet,  
And she was embracing his thro'-pierced  
Feet!

**H**ow must that Heart be overjoy'd,  
Which has of Christ a Vision!  
Myself to Death I've almost cild  
After the Side's Incision:  
And yet I have my Husband near,  
As near as one can have him here;  
Yea, inward Sight's not wanting.  
I've

I've not much to say:  
 Grace paves my whole Way;  
 On Grace's Lap lies  
 My Childhood, Manhood, Mourning and  
 B. life.

---

Chap. 2. *Treating of (α) the En-  
 trance into a State of Salvation;  
 (β) the Progress therein; till (γ)  
 the Departure out of this wretched  
 World.*

\* H \* E does not his Charge forget,  
 Proves his poor Sheep's Keep-  
 er.

MY dear Saviour wakes me ev'ry  
 Morning,  
 Wishes a good Day to me;  
 And to Work or Meals when I am turn-  
 ing,  
 He makes each a Liturgy:  
 He walks with me; and at Night when  
 weary,  
 Lays me in his own Grave's Dormitory,  
 While

Where I sweetly rest and sleep,  
While He o'er me Watch does keep.

**H**ow glorious 'tis to be a Sheep of Jesus,  
And live beneath the faithful Shep-  
herd's Care!

**W**ho Him sees, Gets just Ideas;  
He knows on whom he believes.

**W**ould ye know it, What's pursued  
At our Master's Feet in proving  
Still in loving; nought but Loving.

**N**O Pain doth He us cause; He comes  
to end it:  
And whence had Pain arose? From Self-  
Will blinded.

\* o \*

**T'** embrace Him with Love dutious,  
And to his Hands commit us,  
Was sure at first our Nature  
As intellectual Creature.

**T**HE LORD, we know, is God indeed;  
Without our Aid HE did us make.  
(Psal. C.)

**W**hen we bent our Spirit noble  
To the Earth and Objects vile;  
It cre-

It created inward Trouble,  
Which the Dev'l would Pleasure file.

I 'm griev'd no more for *Adam's* Fall!  
To me it brings no Harm at all,  
If but the Lamb who bore my Smart,  
Is painted bright within my Heart.

\* o \*

NOW he can't, by his Realm's eternal  
Maxim,  
Deny a Soul, when for this Love she  
asks him.

THIS Remark has yet been made,  
Sinner-Hearts alone are glad,  
Of a Saviour will accept.

O happy those, who in Grace-Path still  
treading,  
Saw their own Sinfulness by Spirit's  
Leading:

2. And if ought good is in them, do ascribe it  
To his Seal's Impress, not their own  
Clay's Habit.

THE Lord delights to dwell with Souls,  
who humbled  
For their Unworthiness, at his Word trem-  
bled.

Godly

**G**ODly Sorrow afterward  
With Regret none viewed:  
For Salvation is prepar'd,  
And the Heart renewed.

**I**N a Moment stands before us  
The Prince with his open Side;  
And one feels, he's most desirous  
Our poor Soul therein to hide.  
2. Here she now obtains ( so speedy,  
Scarce her Heart a Cry can send )  
Pardon of her Sins already,  
And the Lamb her constant Friend.

\* \* \*

**S**carce is the Lamb but view'd,  
The Heart is quite renew'd.

**H**E, by one Look at *Zaccheus*,  
A Saint made him, clean and joyous:  
If he thee but cast an Eye on,  
Thou'rt. a Virgin on Mount Sion.

**T**hen one retreateth  
To the first heav'nly Rest;  
Each Limb getteth,  
Out of Christ's Fulness blest,  
Release From Sin tumultuous.  
Then have we Confidence 'fore God,  
That His five holy Wounds & Blood.

\* o \*

✠ S ✠ Soon as a Man thro' Jesus Christ  
 From Sin's Dominion is releas'd,  
 \* ✠ And so the Heart is vacant found;  
 'The true Lord there must be enthron'd.

2. Where henceforth Jesus deigns to dwell,  
 Darkness has there no more its Cell:  
 But such a hallow'd House, the Lord  
 Adorns it of his own Accord.

G Race now the Heart doth draw  
 In Living to God's Law,  
 With good Thoughts replenish;  
 Yea helps, those *stamina*  
 By Word and Deed to finish:  
 For each Limb's endu'd  
 With a Promptitude  
 Unto all that's good.

2. The Light's first Consequence  
 Is Faith, Love, Confidence,  
 And Obedience lowly  
 To Him with Reverence;  
 Firmness in Doctrine holy;  
 Constant Liturgy  
 From Heart's Ground, and free  
 From false Pravity.

3. Love



3. Love likewise is display'd,  
Which would its Neighbours aid;  
To none, Grief occasion:  
To Governors is paid  
Grateful, and due Submission:  
Towards human Race  
Is shewn Friendliness,  
Meekness, Love of Peace.
4. Pureness of Heart withal,  
With Temperance's Wail  
All Life's Steps inclining;  
Frugal, tho' liberal,  
Modestly God's Gifts using;  
With Truth innermost  
Faithful still and just  
'To each Neighbour's Trust.
5. This is that Image fair,  
Which to the Lord is dear,  
Being his Blood's Honour.

**D**ivinely lovely, on his Feet  
The new Man stands, for Love made  
meet;  
Subduing Peevishness,  
Wrath, Luxury, the Pride of Life,  
Av'rice, all Selfishness in brief:  
No Room at all is left for these.

**A**nd, 'bating Meritoriousness,  
(Instead of which, th' imputed Grace

Of Grace we ever gladly wear,) H  
 One is in Truth what He was here, Us

\* O \*

**A** Soul with Grace surrounded,  
 Enjoys a perfect Peace!  
 Were her poor Being founded,  
 She's still a Creature base;  
 And owns, No Man is truly good,  
 Save Jesus Christ our Saviour,  
 Who shed for us his Blood. T  
F

**W**E must for ever silent stand,  
 Should he the least from us demand. N

**B**Ut God's Mercy still supplies  
 All Mankind's Necessities:  
 As He feeds the Birds and Beasts,  
 So he makes us all his Guests,  
 Giving daily bounteous Feasts. 2

\* O \*

**S**O too, for Christ's sake, He engages  
 his Word,  
 (He who as Father is made known,) V  
 Such heavenly Treasures to us to afford, S  
 Which can our Souls adorn and crown;  
 And ev'n o'er our Body, tho' frail as grass,  
 To pour also Blessings, which Thought T  
 surpass: Hence

Hence we now together, thro' th' holy  
Blood's Might,  
Us in unexhausted good things can delight.

**T**hat we should mark his Favour,  
Ner in Affiance waver,  
That He's our God indeed.

**F**or look what Pity Parents do  
Unto their Children bear,  
Like Pity beareth God also  
Unto his Children here.

**M**any sharp Stones removeth he,  
Lest we against them hit:  
He cares, that smooth and safe may be  
The Treadings of our Feet.  
2. He bears us over Hill and Dale;  
And when the Hour is come,  
Into his own Sabbatic Hall  
Transplants, and makes us Room.

**W**hat we t'ward Him should do,  
Is for us wholesome too;  
Since he needs not our Gifts or Goodness:  
For us, on th' other hand,  
His very best did spend.

**T**O love the World He was so bent,  
That his Heart yielded his Consent,

**T**e

To venture to Leath's Crucities  
His Son, the Pleasure of his Eyes.

**N**OW He in Charge has taken  
All, whom, bought with Christ's  
Blood,  
He did to Life awaken.

**W**HO at his mid Heart but guesses,  
In the Soul with Longing seises,  
Tears of Love from the Eyes presses,  
From the Heart a *Kyrie!*

**H**IS Mercies, which none traces,  
His tenderest Embraces,  
His Counsel over me,  
These Thoughts of Peace eternal,  
Which ever keep atch Chamber:  
Ye Thoughts divine, ador'd be ye!

**A**Ll Things to their Period tend,  
But his Mercy knows no End.

**T**HE more a Heart the Father's sweet  
Name tasteth,  
The more it to Sanctification hasteth.

**W**E use the Crucify'd God's Name;  
This sound even to the Father sweet:  
He in Return does, in the Land,  
Us with dear Children's Time greet.

And

**A**ND this is what the Saviour pleads,  
 While with his Sire he intercedes,  
 "These gav'st thou me my proper Spoil,  
 "These Souls remind me of my Toil.  
 "Herewith I ever am reviv'd,  
 "That once a Man of Grief I liv'd,  
 "That to redeem these Souls from chains  
 "I bore Death's agonizing Pains.

\* O \*

**O**h! the Blood-Theology  
 Is indeed no Phantasy;  
 For his Mouth, who could not err,  
 Spoke it, as 'tis written there.

**A**s on a Tablet on the Wall  
 Men set up some Memorial,  
 So all Church-Tablets do aver  
 Christ's Death, and to that Fact refer.

**W**Hat Power there the Saviour's Eye  
 Hath on a human Heart,  
 By *Peter's* Weeping each may spy,  
 Till he too feels the Dart.

**A**Ltho' our Heart be light and glad,  
 That th' Eyes are dry, it can't be said.  
 The Eye doth soon afresh grow wet,  
 Whate'er the Subject, this or that,  
If it

If it the Lamb concerns;  
 (Now Lamb & Blood does mix in all!)  
 And o'er the Tokens of our Fall  
 We shed Tears also.

Then weep they for each other's sake,  
 The Sinner-Heart for Him;  
 The Heart which meritorious brake,  
 Thro' Love and mild Esteem.

Meanwhile, since That blest Text of  
 God

Thro' all the World obtains,  
 (From whence this Consequence has flow'd  
 That Jesus Prethien gains;)

2. It follows, that the Spirit's Force,  
 Which that sole Man once here  
 Brought with him from the Godhead's  
 Source,

Is now to us more near.

To th' Father in his Father-Throne,  
 Also his true and only Son,  
 The Spirit Comforter well known,  
 Honour is in Christ's Person shewn.

God, the great Author of our Frame,  
 We love to call the Martyr-Lamb:  
 This is our choice Expression.

The

\* O \*

THE whole World's Maker sovereign  
 Assum'd a Servant's Body mean,  
 That he the Flesh by Flesh might save,  
 Nor quite to Wreck his Creature leave,  
 2. Th' eternal Splendor came in Sight,  
 And gave the World his saving Light  
 He drove the Clouds of Sins away,  
 To make us Children of the Day.

*Kyrie eleeson!*

ON Straw in greatest Poverty  
 HE lay; th' hard Manger patiently  
 He bore; a little Milk lin'd,  
 Who ne'er a Bird lets suffer Need.

\* O \*

NOne walks this Vale of Woes & Night,  
 And carries precious Seed,  
 Who in some Gift of Christ's not  
 night  
 Pattern and Comfort read.

IF Sin to lodge its Foam did try  
 On th' Hem of his Humanity;  
 For his true Members in all this,  
 A strength'ning holy Meint lies.

Most

**M**ost benign with Men he acted,  
 If his Life's Memoirs we read :  
 In his Person was compacted  
 Health for us, and heav'nly Bread.

**N**O Preacher ever had spoke like Him;  
 No Prophet e'er did the World redeem  
 From so many Evils; what Griets soever  
 Were to his faithful Heart brought, he  
 never

Refus'd to heal.

\* O \*

**O**Nce he to a Garden goes,  
 Inward Anguish feeling:  
 Ask ye, what he first there does?  
 Lo! he prayeth kneeling.

His Soul in Extremity,  
 Nothing could him gladden:  
 See, with what Distress for thee  
 HE chose to be laden!

**H**E the next Day about Noon,  
 To the Cross was nailed ---

**W**ho, in that awful Noontide Night,  
 Had dreamt, such Glory'd spring  
 from it?

That th' Afternoon 'twixt three & four  
 Would be an ever-blessed Hour?

2. 'Twas



2. 'Twas then he our Atonement wrought,  
When God forsook him, as 'twas thought,  
And his dear Mother and his Friend  
Stood there, with weeping faint & spent.

What wonder, our fraternal Love  
No Pain now severeth,  
When our good God a Pattern gave  
Of loving unto Death?

\* \* \*

HE Death's Dominion hath laid waste,  
And in the World his Church hath  
plac'd.

AT th' Approach of Ev'ning-tide,  
Criminals Bones were broken;  
But the Spear pierc'd Jesu's Side,  
For a lasting Token.

T here in Death's strong Agony,  
Christ form'd his immortal She.

Y Ea, God's tormented Martyr-Sheep  
Brought forth his chosen She in Sleep.  
Amen ' Hallelujah to th' Lord!  
His Spirit's now to us restor'd.

U nto the Rock-cleft lift your Eye,  
And in that Cleft, the Pit's-Hole spy  
Whence

Whence, chosen People! ev'ry one  
Of you hath been dug out and hewn.

**L**ET ev'ry Hair quiver,  
And Tears your Cheeks cover.

**T**HUS was the Lord in his ripe Age  
Cut down by cruel Death:  
His Soul he gave in Torments great,  
And yielded up his Breath!

2. Because that he to us might be  
An everlasting Bread,  
With much Reproach & Troubles great,  
On Earth his Life he led.

(*è Liturg. Angl.*)

\* o \*

**H**IS Body is So full of Bliss,  
And Merit too,  
When we its Parts run thro'!  
First, his dear Head with Thorn Is torn:  
Quite fore the Back,  
All blue and black:  
The Hands and Feet  
Have Nail-Rings, to us sweet:  
2. His Eyes were red By Tears he shed,  
At last they're broke:  
Then he receiv'd that Stroke!

**I**F ask'd, how we know that this was  
the Lamb's Form?  
Of this does the Scripture us plainly inform;  
Th' Apostles & Prophets have painted him  
thus;  
And their Words thro' Mercy are come  
down to us.

**T**he Corpse lastly from the Tree,  
Full of Wound-holes recent,  
Taken down, must bury'd be  
In a Grave adjacent.

**A**Nd while Men the Sabbath have,  
He rests too within the Grave.

\* O \*

**B**UT He hath left his Tomb:  
Th' Abyſs he hath overcome,  
The murdering Prince hath bound,  
From all his Pow'r dethron'd;  
And from fair *Eden's* Door  
The Bolt so strong hath tore.

**T**his JESUS, to th' high Place  
Then from us separated,  
Hath for Return in Peace  
A Day predestinated:  
As the Twelve saw him climb,

Wa

We shall him yet attend,  
When he'll from Heav'n one Time,  
Still like himself, descend.

\* o \*

**W**E b'lieve, there will a Time exist,  
When our Creator Jesus Christ  
Will wed us Soul and Body.

**T**he Saviour, by Election free,  
Of Souls is from Eternity  
The Lord and Husband known:  
They for this End were surely made,  
To sleep in his Arms undismay'd;  
The Souls belong to him alone.

**O** those Souls are surely blessed,  
Who to Jesus are espoused,  
Whom his Fire has here inflam'd.

**W**hen Children are rejoicing,  
Who thro' the Care and Blessing  
Of their best Friend, are living  
From Year to Year, and thriving;  
2. And when the ransom'd Nation  
Have this sweet Consolation,  
"Created are our Clashes  
"To sleep in his Embraces:  
3. They think not, at that Season,  
Of this Life's insome Prison.

A Heart

A Heart  
In vain

**W**hen  
T  
For w  
To

**T**

O  
2. Long  
It h  
Who  
We

**H**ow  
W  
And v  
By

**S**ince  
In h  
Tis v  
Famili

**T**hose  
Sta

A Heart with Christ united,  
In time can quite forget it.

When His Heart 's with us in Love,  
There can lack no Blessing:  
For with Jesus Christ we move  
To meet Joys unceasing.

That Soul & Flesh to Jesus move,  
Is the one needful Thing;  
And that we soon to his Side's  
Cave

Ourselves commend and bring.

2. Long as a Heart has not found Him,  
It has no God indeed:  
Who has Him, may himself esteem  
Well furnish'd, 'bove all Dread.

How have we him? in that Death's-hue  
Wherein he is redeem'd,  
And which, till we shall grow pale too,  
By us ne'er stale is deem'd.

Since Christ could not by us be view'd  
In his Old Splendor, as LORD God:  
'Tis well, that now as martyr'd Man,  
Familiarly we view him can.

Those, who at no Distance  
Stay, but get Consistence In

In Him, and in Walking  
 Their sole Object make him;  
 Such, at their Departure,  
 Fly to him with Rapture.

\* O \*

**W**ho counted as Death  
 These Days of his Breath,  
 Will gladly up give  
 To Jesus his Soul, and begin then to live.

**S**oon in this World will finish'd be  
 What Task God may design for thee:  
 We all a Minute wait from God,  
 To add one last Sleep, and conclude.

**T**ill Christ's self his Breath resign'd,  
 Was all Men's Departure,  
 In th' Old Cov'nant, or rough Kind,  
 Malefactors Torture:

2. In his Arms, we, (whose Mind gave  
 Long t' itself a Picture  
 Of that Sabbath we should have)  
 Sink sweet at that Juncture.

3. He, who in himself began  
 First such Sleep-Procedure,  
 Was the Crucified Man,  
 In all things the Leader.

4. Death, that righteous One to touch,  
 High

High  
 So, his  
 To

5. Is fo  
 Tha  
 After  
 Alv

6. And  
 "T  
 "Fer  
 The

**F**Or w  
 One  
 "Wha  
 "Cau  
 2. "Th  
 "Pre

**W**E  
 But 'is  
 And so  
 Op'ning

**L**Re  
 He

High Presumption reckon'd;  
So, his own Lamb to dispatch,  
To the Spear God beckon'd.

5. Is some Cov'nant-Heart aware  
That his Hour approaches?  
After the dear Lamb, who near  
Always is, he reaches;

6. And says to him, "Lord, thou know'st  
"That my Limbs are weary:  
"Fetch the Spirit Thou bestow'dst!"  
This ends the whole Story.

For when Lifetess is at an End,  
One says to God his dearest Friend,  
"What Right my Body to Earth has,  
"Cause none that Mother form'd it was;  
2. "That Right can I, poor needy Soul,  
"Pretend, much more, to th' Sins dear  
"Hole.

WE seem indeed at last as though we  
dy'd;

But 'tis, (if we in th' Potter's Hands abide,  
And sovereignly to Him our Spirit clings,)  
Op'ning a Door, which to new Chambers  
brings.

Let one is aware, ay! ay!  
He or she is kill'd away.

The

\* \* \*

**T**he Spirit is freed, and chearful mounts  
on high;  
Careless at first, where mortal Tent may lie.

**B**ut since God Holy Ghost would have  
Our Lord's each Joint and Bone  
Well taken Care of in the Grave,  
That there lack of them none:

2. Hence there's no Soul, who does not  
want

(Ev'n when in her Lord's Joy)  
And does not quick, upon the Grant,  
Fetch her Corpse rev'rently.

**F**or He shall change our Body vile,  
How vile soe'er it is,  
For to be fashion'd in a while  
A glorious one like his.

**T**he Sabbath is preparing now:  
But when once our Bridegroom shall  
Bring us in that Sabbath-Hall,  
And we at his *Agape* sit,  
'Then 'twill be quite sweet, quite sweet!

**T**hen will the Wounds bright Blaze  
A thousand Suns surpass:  
And I and other Needy,  
Heal'd here by his dead Body,

Will  
What  
Who  
To  
But, far  
Shall

The  
Is  
In f  
To  
TO  
So  
To  
I



Will have in our Lamb precious,  
What Eye and Ear refreshes.

Who overcometh, shall not be obnoxious

To that Soul-Misery, call'd Second  
Death:

But, far remov'd from that Condition anxious,

Shall with the sav'd ones to God Praises  
breath.

God will him nourish,  
In Heav'n to flourish,  
With Comforts cherish  
That ever last.

\* O \*

THE Converse with the Wounded Man  
Is th' utmost we can yet attain.

In short, Grace be with each one, who  
To love, and to be lov'd, doth know!

TO Jesu's Corpe resort ye,  
All ye who Bodies have,  
So fated, that them shortly  
The Soul can drop and leave!  
Dear Souls, be ye now dying  
In Jesus Christ's Death-Suife;  
I dare be prophesying,

From

From Death, your Body's Life.

**H**is Patients at the Healing-Ponds,  
Come all into Health's happy Bounds.

**W**ell, Members, stay then, stay ye!  
Again to Jesus stay ye  
I own in the lining Earth:  
The Hour's at no great Distance,  
When, by Birth-right's Assistance,  
You'll to the Lamb's Bride-Bed step  
forth.

---

Chap. 3. *Serious Exhortations.*

**\* OR** your Salvation, Cares and  
Sighs,

**| F |** Dear Children! wear us out:  
May the good Lamb not rest,  
till his

You all are, beyond Doubt.

**F**Or, as ye're plac'd, and set to View  
'Fore Heav'n & Earth around you too,  
Ye are an Object of such Weight,  
As Trembling oft doth us create.

Dear

**D**Far  
To  
It  
He's

**T**He  
An  
And  
When

**E**x

That  
W  
In th'

**Y**E C  
No

**E**ach  
V  
At B

**T**  
What c  
Only th

\* o \*

**D**Far Children! 'tis right  
 To wait Day and Night:  
 It is now his Hour,  
 He's ready to give you his Light, Life  
 and Love.

**T**He Ground to all Attai nments good  
 And Strength divine, in Sin nershood  
 And such Surrender must be laid,  
 Where we, quite weak, cry out for Aid.

**E**Xperience teaches,  
 That all Self-vaunting,  
 That Fraud specious  
 Which from Man's Fall did spring,  
 In th'End To Shame & Pain must lend.

**Y**E Children blessed!  
 None is so holy, as a Sinner dressed  
 In Grace's Robe.

**E**ach comes to feel it,  
 What he is, and from whence?  
 At Bottom spoiled  
 Through *Adam's* old Offence:  
 What could to Cov'nant-Grace restore us?  
 Only the Saviour's Stripes meritorious.

That

**T**Hat Friend so faithful and so meek,  
 Bout all this to your Heart doth speak,  
 The poor Mind does not over-load,  
 Leads by the Hand to what is good.

**H**E's alike contented,  
 If we Lauds have vented,  
 Or have Love-Tears shed:  
 Whoso is not fully  
 Able yet Thrice-Holy  
 To sing to his Head,  
 Let him poor Come to Grace-Door,  
 Shew the Lamb but his Eyes dropping,  
 And his sick Heart's Throbbing.

\* o \*

**B**Ut, O dear Purchase of that Lamb!  
 This will bear no Concealment,  
 How great a Grief it is and Shame,  
 When Children have such Ailment  
 As an un-broken Spirit still,  
 Light-mindedness, or fly Self-will,  
 Blood with Wildness boiling:  
 For in little Jesus sweet  
 None of that could ever meet,  
 (God forbid such Railing!)  
 2. No! Jesus, that unspeckled Child,  
 Knew nothing of Sin ever;

Had

Had a  
 W  
 Had  
 Which  
 Cou  
 Ev'ry  
 That  
 Evi

**T**heref  
 W  
 So for  
 As  
 2. What  
 Wh  
 And i  
 And  
 3. On Si  
 Ife  
 Faith  
 Dot

**C**hildre  
 F  
 Midst  
 Grow

**A** Chil  
 By

Had also no small spark conceal'd,  
 Which kindled that Fever;  
 Had likewise nought combustible,  
 Which to such Spark, ev'n if it fell,  
 Could have serv'd for Tinder.  
 Ev'ry Child of Christian Sense,  
 That sprinkle will its Conscience,  
 Evil Sparks might hinder.

Therefore, among the List of Things  
 Which Soul or Body grieve,  
 So formidable smart none brings,  
 As that Sins to us cleave.

2. What Blashes then the Check inflame?  
 What Tears do it bedew?  
 And if no Peace's Angel came,  
 And bid us Jesus view;

3. On Sin's score would a tender Heart  
 Itself to Death soon weep.  
 Faith on the Lamb and on his Smart  
 Doth sooth this Trouble deep.

Children! learn ye in these Days  
 Heaven's Ways;  
 'Midst all Poverty and weakness,  
 Grow ye up into Christ's Likeness.

A Child of God hath, as you know,  
 By Right no more with Sin to do.

**N**O Parley with that Foe, I pray you,  
make;

But to the Lamb at once your Cause betake.

**S**oon as a poor Sinner knows his Re-  
demption,

'Tis also certain, he gets Exemption  
From serving Sin.

**A**ND till the Shepherd mild  
His Sheep will doom and yield

Afresh to the wolf's Tearing,

No Yoke we need be fearing;

But 'bide (Christ's Blood alledged)

From Sin and Satan hedged.

\* O \*

**I**F you would find the Saviour,  
Seek him while 'tis To-day:

Seek ye the Bridegroom's Favour?

Then take it while you may.

Seek him there in the Manger

In Child's Simplicity!

To such He 'bides a Stranger,

As will not Children be.

**W**ith that spotted Dress,

Their own Holiness,

They'll have small success.

**T**HY Blood-sweat, dear Saviour,

Rain on us like Water:

For

For, a  
Now

O Swea

Come t

Come

**S**EEK y

In

From

Cha

Seek

In

Shall

He

**Y**E flu

Be c

**W**H

Y

With

**G**Row

Sin

**T**he F

His Pra

For, all the world over,  
Nought can bless us better.

O Swear's dear Flood! O holy Blood!

Come then from each Nation,  
Come small & great, the Wounds to greet.

S<sup>E</sup>ek ye the holy Jesus

In *Mary's* Lap, and get  
From his first and last Bruises  
Chastity's Amulet.

Seek Him with inward Diving  
In your own Hearts; then ye  
Shall be releas'd from Grieving  
Here and eternally.

Y<sup>E</sup> shall, with all your piteous Sinfulness,  
Be cover'd with his Robe of Righteous-  
ness.

\* O \*

W<sup>H</sup>en ye're embody'd now in Christ,  
Ye ought to spend your Time (ye wist)  
With Him, and in that Bond persist.

G<sup>R</sup>ow wise unto what's good, but still  
Simple remain concerning Ill.

T<sup>H</sup>e Father is pleas'd with the childlike  
Heart's Meaning,

His Praise & his Strength will be also forth

shining,

When scarce Tongue can lift what Heart's  
Flame is divining.

**W**hen lastly in the Church's Ranks  
Children with Tears & hearty Thanks  
Are awfully enroll'd, they share  
With Parents then all Graces fair.

**T**hey who, of this Master  
Not asham'd, yet faster  
To Him to be joined  
Are through Faith inclined;  
Find all former Sinning  
Clean'd at the Beginning.

**T**O be all over clean, does one crave?  
Behold, how he may that Priv'lege have:  
Who in Jesu's Wounds is once healed truly,  
Becomes in Body and in Spirit holy  
As Jesu's Wounds.

2. Still it does with this Condition go:  
We live not, but move in Jesus so,  
Ev'n as all his Members are actuated;  
So deep by Faith into the Lamb translated,  
As were we th' Lamb.

**J**ESUS sends this Kind of Flame,  
Which in the Heart catches:  
It does th' Heart not waste nor maim;  
Yet

Yet  
Until  
Welco  
(Th  
Who  
Who  
We

Chap  
cer  
Sar

✱ ✱ ✱  
✱ H ✱  
✱ ✱ ✱

But t  
Perfu

SUCH  
Don

I

Only

(Tha  
Ev'n



Yet its Burning reaches,  
 Until our good Virgins can  
 Welcome their expected Man,  
 (The sooner, the better!)  
 Who is Bridegroom? Jesus Christ:  
 Who make up his Virgins List?  
 We Children together.

---

Chap. 4. *Children's Confession, concerning (a) their own Heart; (b) the Saviour.*

✱ ✱ ✱ HERE are we Children small &  
 ✱ H ✱ mean,  
 ✱ ✱ Who in ourselves are nought  
 ✱ — ✱ but Sin;  
 But the Wounds Roses Fragrancy  
 Perfum'd us to a Sanctuary.

SUCH a Sweetness to impart,  
 Doubtless neither star nor flower  
 Hath the Power;  
 Only GOD, who gives Perfumes,  
 Flesh assumes,  
 (That this Spice be better scented,  
 Ev'n as bruised 'tis presented)

And with it perfumes my Heart.

**W**e all know, who and what we are?  
And all with one Consent declare,  
That we no Good in us could find,  
To move our Lord to be so kind.

**F**or tho' our Bodies now can boast  
They're Temples of the Holy Ghost;  
And, soon as one's absolv'd, the Reins  
Entire Sanctification gains;

2. Yet we're a sinful Flesh and Blood,  
And till that Token in the Cloud,  
Which was th'Atonement, us does chear,  
We're from Death's Body not yet clear.

3. And so on Earth, we must confess,  
We've no self-rooted Holiness.

Altho' the Soul to Christ be chaste,  
In Flesh all Frailty's not o'er-past:

4. We feel its Shame and its Defect;  
And did Christ's Blood us not protect  
As Passport thro' this Vale of Tears,  
We should be oft oppress'd with Fears.

**B**ut that blest Lamb, which *John* once saw  
As if it had been slaughter'd,  
Is our great *Jehovah*.

**C**lose to his blessed Wounds, we are  
A daily Love-feast holding.

**O**ur Sou  
W  
Her T  
Har

**I**f Jesus  
I We'll

**F**or, w  
Sui  
Do th  
W  
To liv

**H**Owe  
That th

**H**Is  
A  
Us d  
His

**I**s't no  
Ar

**H**Ow  
From b

O our Soul, what were it  
Without his Presence blest?  
Her Tent, who'd bear it?  
Harsh, dark, a horrid Nest.

I F Jesus had not prov'd that Saviour true,  
We still had been the Devil's hapless Crew.

F or, with what Anguish  
Stid on account of Sin  
Do those languish,  
Who for Him now begin  
To live, And loyal Proofs to give!

H Owe'er, they find also most true that  
Notion,  
That the Lamb hath us each virtuous Mo-  
tion Now merited.

\* O \*

H Is bloody Benediction,  
And our Mother's Affection,  
Us daily fitter render  
His pierc'd Heart to re-enter.

I s't not right with us? we shew it:  
Are we well? we shew it too.

H ow could we think to cover ought, or  
colour  
From him, who is our Soul's & Body's Ruler?

2. We'ld

2. We'll rather blush, and after his Intend-  
ment,

In Evangelic Mind think on Amendment.

**A**s an indigent Receiver,  
Our Eye to that Land looks over,  
Which, where it begins with Favour,  
Is to finish also went.

**H**E may, veil'd as he thinks fit,  
Visit House and City;  
Yet our Heart, enough for it,  
Can spy of his Beauty.

**H**E grows to us daily nigher, plainer,  
(For th' Effects shew this in surest  
Manner)

In that sweet figure,  
As he for Love to us did bleed so eager.

\* \* \* **W** \* \* **E** know the Weakness of our  
Soul,

But Jesus is our Stay:  
Our kind Redeemer has engag'd  
To lead us in his Way.

**O**f our Pains, and our Relief,  
'Tis Things new and ancient,  
Himself, 'fore his Sabbath-Life,  
Had a Taste sufficient.

This

This

Tha

T

Wh

C

He

H

To

A

Fro

Spe

C

W

W

V

W

Al

C

H

As

**T**his Thing gives us mighty Joy,  
We're assured  
That us Jesus will stand by  
Till the Period:  
While his Lesson fault'ring yet  
One rehearses,  
He with Patience hears us.

**H**ow happy is a Worm, tho' poor,  
Amidst the Wounds Enjoyment;  
To be with Lamb's Blood cover'd o'er,  
And that each Hour & Moment;  
From Morning on till late at Night,  
Spent in one pure divine Delight!  
One serves him too with Gladness.

**W**hat He us commandeth,  
Are such Things entirely  
Which our Spirit wish'd for clearly:  
Which we too Now can do.

**W**hat for us to do remaineth,  
Is but easy, slight and small;  
All the heaviest Part sustaineth  
Our dear Lamb, and does it all.

**H**e'll keep too and protect us,  
Till we shall stand before the Throne  
As late as Baptism deck'd us.

O fa-

O sacred Rite! by this the Name  
Of JESUS we to own begin:  
It is our Resurrection's Pledge,  
And seals the Pardon of our Sin.

O' was I born first from beneath,  
And then born from above?  
Am I a Child of Man, and God?  
O rich and endless Love!

Therefore we us do a-new commend  
To the Election from End to End:  
To the Father's Keeping; the Bride-  
groom's Kindness;  
The Spirit's Impulse and inward Witness;  
And th' Angels Guard.

**A**s we are, so take us,  
With our work and best,  
Father! loving Mother!  
And our Bridegroom blest!

Father! let thy Kingdom come,  
That Mankind do Homage  
To the Lamb, who bore their Doom  
In the Sinner's Image.

UPon that dear Man, Father! look,  
How He our Sins upon him took,  
How him that Load did bow and crook,

**A**s all Heav'n obeys thy Will  
With deep Adoration:  
So on Earth shall it fulfil  
The Lamb's Congregation.

**O** God! give us thy precious Grace,  
Thy sacred Love and Fire take place;  
Grant, it in us may conquer on,  
Till its most perfect Will is done.

**W**ith our everlasting Bread  
Be this Day us feeding,  
With the Righteousness of God  
From the Side so bleeding.

Pardon us our Trespases,  
Like as we're forgiving:  
For thro' our Lord's Patience 'tis  
That ev'n we are living.

**T**he more thy pard'ning Love is prov'd,  
The more thou wilt by us be lov'd.

**D**on't into Temptation lead;  
Help all to stand rather  
From the Wicked-one quite freed,  
In God's Peace together.

**A** Race special make us, Lord,  
Thro' thy Name and Blessing,  
Who believe the Gospel-word,  
And are Life possessing.

What

\* \* \*

What shall we now be speaking,  
 Thou Strength of Weaklings!  
 To Thee, who'rt each thing making,  
 That's good and blest?

We humbly give thee our Heart & hand  
 Unto an eternal Childhood's-Band:  
 Be thou our kind Mother, and so continue,  
 And we'll remain, knowing thy Grace's  
 Value,  
 Thy Worms & Babes.

Grant us in time some holy Works to  
 finish;  
 And where weak, do thou with Pow'r re-  
 plenish. Kyrie eleeson!

Who for us to be a Child stoop'd down,  
 May we a Jewel be in his Crown!  
 Make, throughout our Dwelling, thou blest  
 Sojourner,  
 Full now of Grace's Wind ev'ry Corner,  
 And Spirit and Fire.

When strong Needs we shall do, keep  
 Our Heart ever little,  
 Like a Child's who brings a Chip,  
 Nor to boast has Title.

Help us (as in Grace's Path  
 Manifold the Age is,) To

To

M

T' h

In

BR

Us,

M

CH

el

TH

TH

I

Tha

Bu

W

W

Till



To walk on, more ripe in Faith,  
Many, many Stages.

**T**' honour God, and freely labour  
In the Service of our Neighbour.

**B**Ring (sometimes by Methods small,  
For ourselves are little)

Us, to thy Joy, forward all,  
Mother of God's People!

\* o \*

**C**HRIST, thou Lamb of God, who tak-  
est away the Sin of the World: have  
Mercy upon us!

**T**Hy Name we praise and magnify,  
We sinful Clay of thine,  
That Thou dost oft amazingly  
Refresh us by thy Shine.

**T**hat rich and Ligh One, for our sake  
What need He so much Pains to take?  
But since 'twas so thought fit, at least  
We'll it accept, O Jesu Christ!

**W**E are but poor Children, yet of moment  
We're to Thee, because of thy Blood's  
Payment:

We wo'n't leave weeping,  
Till our Heart in Love is to thee keeping.

We

**W**E are thy Brethren, O thou far  
More sweet than Paradise!

The blessed Saviour of thy Name  
Doth sweetly us entice.

2. Hadst Thou not liv'd, O holy One!

We surely must have dy'd;  
Each Sin had been our Death, and would  
Us and our God divide.

**T**hy Blood-streams and Bruises,  
Thy Agonies, Saviour!

Thy Wounds open Sluicés  
Have sav'd us for ever

From Tears & Cries, Despair & Sighs.

**S**EE we thy thorny Crown? we date  
Our Grace-Election from it:

See we thy Side's Flood? we our great  
Restorative Bath deem it.

**E**Ver, O Lamb, to us remain  
So, that we not alone obtain

Some Dawnings of thy Grace,  
But let us have the Wounds each Hour  
Quite near, and let us feel the Pow'r  
Which thy whole martyr'd Body has.

\* O \*

**Y**Es, Lamb! thy heav'nly Turn of Mind,  
Thy Youth, pure and abstemious,  
Thy

Thy Blood of the true Virgin-Kind,  
Into all Virtue frame us.

**F**ROM all Beaurty without Lincaments of  
thy Blood, preserve us, O dear Lord  
and God!

**T**HY painful Birth  
make our Manhood dear to us!

Thy holy Covenant-Wound  
help us to the Circumcision made  
without Hands!

Thy Childhood  
help us to Children's-Joy!

Thy surprizing Simplicity  
make us loath Reasoning!

Thy precious Sweat when at Work  
make all Labour light to us!

Thy Weakness and Sicknes  
make us satisfied with our human  
Condition!

Open Arms! take us.

Through-pierced Hands!  
shew us where our Names are written.

The Sweat in thy Agony  
bedew our Souls and Bodies!

Pale Lips! kiss us upon the Heart.

Yea

Yea, thou holy tormented Body!  
do as Elisha; we will be the Child.

**F**or thou once an Hour to still be appointed  
For Youth of thy Family,  
Wherein without words Thou to each  
hineest,  
Thou'lt to him *Elisha* be.

**W**ith the whole Merit of thy Life  
bless us, O dear Lord and God!

**B**roken Eyes!  
be seen even in ours.

**F**Or, have our Eyes the Mode  
Of thy I earth-Glance contracted?  
We've got our highest Good.

**S**ince the lovely Features  
Of Souls who're thy Bride,  
Prove them happy Creatures  
Taken from thy Side;

Let thy Incarnation To our Mien impart  
Such a Demonstration Of a happy Heart.

**O**ur Holiness  
Thou'rt, Lord! we Thee embrace.

\* O \*

**O**N our Hearts & Minds, Lamb! do thou  
bleed;  
We Sweetness taste in thy Cross indeed;  
On

On thy Heart still press us, on thy Wounds  
press us,

So have we Hours superlatively precious,  
Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb!

If thou hadst not sought us, & follow'd ever,  
We ne'er had sought for Thee, had  
known thee never:  
Who's like to Thee?

**B**UT of our Calling we now are glad,  
Whereby we such Rock-clert Doves  
are made;

That our Nest and Dwelling we have  
found ready,

Happy, eternal, in the Cave so bloody.  
Hallelujah!

**T**HOU, who lov'dst us 'midst our Ruin,  
Still continue thou the True-one;  
Mold our Hearts, be there undoing  
Whatsoever thy Eye not likes.

**B**E our Leader, O most Holy!  
Children, who redeem'd from Folly,  
Fain would be no more unruly,  
But a clean and princely Race.

2. **JESU**, make it our whole Traffick,  
How Thee, Babe so beautif,   
We thy Seed, a Race pacif,   
May eternally praise.

D

Grant,

**G**Rant, that we to Manlines grow, as ap-  
pointed;  
And walk, thro' thy Gift, with a Forehead  
anointed;  
As Vessels be fitted for all thy blest Uses,  
On this Earth once hallow'd by *Calvary's*  
Juices.

**P**reserve us ever with perfect Mind  
Both towards thee & thy Church inclin'd.

**T**hus, Lamb, maintain us in thy Blessing  
further,  
Poor things like others of the human Order:  
But Man's Place Brother calls Thee now, &  
Warden,  
And is thy Garden.

\* \* \*

**F**ears one this earthly House no more,  
But hence to the dear Lamb departs?  
Yet the last Look, serene and clear,  
Shall witness we Believers were.

**H**ow does a Cross-Air Dove behave,  
When of the Lent it will take Leave?  
The Body grows a little sick,  
To th' Soul seem the Time long or quick  
Till she the Bridegroom see,  
There stands he presently!

The

**H**is  
**H**  
Wh  
I sh  
And  
The

Ch

  **T**  
  **O**  
**O** **F**  
**O** **P**  
The

**BY**

Not




**P****T**he

Jesu

**E**

**H**is Eyes, his Mouth, his Side,  
 His Body crucify'd,  
 Whereon we build so sure,  
 I shall see at his hour,  
 And kiss and inly greet  
 The Prints in Hands and Feet.

Chap. 5. *Intercessions for the Children.*

   **T**He Children's weak Flock  
 Shall be shine for ever, and  
 to thy Hand look.

**O** Father! them protect as God;  
 O Son! anoint them with thy Blood;  
 O Holy Spirit! them up-train:  
 The Angels round them still remain.

**B**Y Jesu's Nature soon clasp'd round  
 Be they, that Stamp deep struck!  
 Not as the Man with Glory crown'd,  
 Rather in Corpse's Look.

**T**heir dear Souls, redeem'd with Smart,  
 We are still deliver'ing  
 Jesu! to thy pierced Heart,  
 Bundle of the Living.

**T**Hou thyself wast once no bigger,  
A poor Babe cloath'd like a Beggar!  
Take (we cry with Wishes eager)  
These Babes with Thee evenmore.

2. Have they not had Parents faithful,  
Worshippers of Thee not fouthful?  
Are not still thine Ears & Heart full  
Of their Prayers for their Seed?

3. If thou see'st, that a'dive for Thee  
They can be, prolong their earthly  
Pilgrimage, else take them near thee  
In the Realm of childlike Joy.

4. Wash them with thy Blood all over!  
Many things will thy Love cover,  
Which of feeble Mind a Proof are;  
(These from Malice Thou discern'st.)

**W**ithin thy faithful Arms, Lamb, bear  
and carry,

With plenteous Mercy & Aids salutary,

2. Whatever Child is in his Youth disposed  
To keep his Soul for Thee chaste, safe in-  
closed;

3. Who'd fain prevent each subtle Foe's In-  
tention,  
Before gross evil Deeds they once dare  
mention.

4. And when at last reflecting Pow'r forth  
breaketh, And

And by  
5. Then

Disjoint,  
6. Drown

Both Pri

**G**Rave  
In  
But wh  
Ye  
We  
Like

For that  
With

**H**E w  
T

Who  
Fin

2. He  
W

"I'm  
"

**M**A  
H

Sin a  
O



And by Reflection, Sin Occasion seeketh:

5. Then come Thou quickly with thy Might  
as Saviour,

Disjoint, defeat the En'my's Plot for ever;

6. Drown with Blood-stream, when fail'd h'  
Efforts of Reason,

Both Pride & Lust, & ev'ry vile Adhesion.

**G**Ravity is no such wonder

In those, who thro' Years are wise;

But when Youth, whose Minds are fonder,

Yet refrain from Vanities,

We think, Grace has seiz'd 'em,

Like us, in its System:

For that wildness and false fire won't retire

Without Influence that's high'r.

**H**E who blesses and embraces

That dear Heart so full of Grief,

Who relying on his Dying,

Finds, in all his Wants, Relief:

2. He dare answer, when demanded

Who he is? and whence he came?

"I'm a Sinner, but a Lover

"Of the Child from *Bethlehem*."

**M**ay they with Complacence

Pay Thee due Obedience:

Sin and Vice, and Jurisdiction

Of Satan disdaining;

Thy sweet Yoke, and World's Affliction  
 Patiently sustaining;  
 Body, Soul, all they have in brief,  
 To thy Use subjecting;  
 T'wards eternal Life  
 Their Mind's Eye directing.

\* o \*

**W**ere it needful, that a Stripling  
 Should have Dust & Scars ennobling,  
 Like Christ's Soldiers, fair to look on;  
 He must weep, can't shew such Token.

2. But when of the Blood's Protection,  
 Or in gen'ral of Election,  
 And such Subjects, we are treating,  
 Where free Grace is all compleating:

3. Then a Boy can boast before all,  
 'That he hath (as a Memorial,  
 'That a chaste Boy once was Jesus)  
 Grace from His first Wound's Recesses.

4. For one Male-Child's sake, for ever  
 Blessing ev'ry Boy doth cover:  
 May no Boy, till Christ comes yonder,  
 Jesu's pure Mind lose or squander!

**A**nd should one of the other  
 See, as a Nurling-Mother,  
 Have some male Infant's Care;

She

She (and each true Believer)  
Must feel a holy shiver  
'Gainst Lightness: God this Form did wear!

\* \* \*

Since without our Toil he blest;  
The Girls too, those Sinneresses,  
Come up joyful, tho' ashamed,  
With that Virgin, *Mary* named.

2. For Remembrance, that God's Spirit  
From a Maid the God-Man reared;  
May all Girls be found possessing  
Lasting Virgin-Crowns & Bireling.

---

Chap. 6. *Children's Psalms.*

Such poor ones,  
Cover'd with Disgrace,  
U Mercy's Pow'r once  
To great Pits did raise.

We're at the Master's Fountain-head:

As yet we see him not indeed:  
Yet is he to us nigher,  
Than in the Prophets one can read  
He was to any Seer.

It is with us, in brief,  
In our own little,

When

When only to his Bruises  
Our Eye its Way ne'er loses,  
Nor from the Hand thro'-pierced  
Th' Attention is dispersed.

**T**hose there not daily  
Be Jubilees express,  
Without fail He  
Affords calm Happiness;  
And so Our Joy no Stop doth know.

**O**ur Glorifying is that Blood alone,  
Which the great Pastor shed:  
We and the Church above, as one,  
Drink thence what each does need.

**A**nd now till to the Wedding-Day,  
We will keep on our Path,  
And wait, till we are perfected,  
In Patience, Love, and Faith.

\* o \*

**W**hile stands the Tent as 'tis,  
Jesu's Cross praised is:  
Till the Lips quite cold are,  
No plain antique Church-Sighs  
Too simple or too old are.

**P**raise be to that Lamb crucify'd,  
Who did our Members bear  
From Manger till on Cross he dy'd,  
And the same still does wear!

Who

W

Pur

An

AN

An

An

W

(

Our

M

For

All

An

P

MA

And

Me

T O

O L

Who the outward Mark and scar  
Of the Fall lets still appear,  
Put yet cleanse the main Wound,  
And doth make it thoroughly sound.

And this goes on from Time to Time,  
Until we are compleat for Him,  
And till the outward Tent breaks down,  
And Face to Face he's to us known.

We need not, when to th' Wounds  
we fly,  
(That dear and holy Home)  
Our Place, at that Emergency,  
Make ready ere we come:  
For, as in Child-birth, so 'tis here;  
All things for th' Child prepared are,  
And we find, when we reach that Shore,  
Provision made before.

May he meanwhile us Sinners aid,  
Till thro' all Perils we're convey'd,  
And of what's in Election's Roll  
Meant for us, have attain'd the whole.

To his Soul we us commend, &c.  
*See Pref. pag. xiv.*

\* O \*

O Lamb of God, our Saviour,  
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!

Thy

Thy suffering meek Behaviour  
 Paid what thou didst not borrow.  
 Thou barest our Transgression,  
 This screens us from Damnation.  
 Have Mercy on us, O JESU!

**L**amb, who for us wast bruised!  
 Be to us, as Thou'rt us'd,  
 This Hour and always in;  
 And through Blood-Bond so just,  
 Embrace us inwardly:  
 Move not from before Our Eyes evermore.

Thy Gifts and Endowments  
 Cheer us at some Moments;  
 But none of them yields a Feast;  
 Like Thyself, O Jesu Christ!

**F**rom the being weaned from thy Side  
 preserve us, O dear Lord be Good!

**F**or the Comfort of our Heart,  
 Christ our Lord! is, that Thou art  
 That triumphant Prince, who hath  
 By his Flesh slain Sin and Death.

**A**s long as we're in Tears to sow,  
 May he our Service bless;  
 And when we're from this Earth to go,  
 His Merits be our Pats.

2. When once our Heart-Strings break,  
 may he Our

Our weary Eye-lids close,  
And shew us his Face presently  
In his eternal House.

O my dearest Jesus !  
What hast Thou, to bless us,  
For us undergone ?  
Now we know but partly,  
But there will be shortly  
More of this Deep known ;  
When above  
We shall remove,  
And shall live with Thee for ever,  
Church's bleeding Lover !



## APPENDIX to Book I.

\* — \* WHEN I at Night recline my  
 § | W | § Head,  
 \* — \* Or in the Morning rise from  
 Bed,

Lamb! I direct my Eyes to Thee,  
 And thy pale blood-drain'd Body see.

BLESS this (Day) Lord and Saviour!  
 (Night)

Let me enjoy thy Favour:  
 The Light from thy Face darting  
 Alone is Light imparting.

NOW, Lord, I me to Rest betake,  
 Shut Thou me up, & o'er me wake;  
 That next Morn, if I stay below,  
 With Joy I to my Work may go.

O! I'll be bury'd deep,  
 Beneath thy Blood I'll creep;  
 Those Muscles torn, whose Anguish  
 Did Sin and Wrath extinguish,  
 Where Spirits pant for shelter,  
 Inclose me now as Dweller.

O Ne Bed is His so pierc'd Breast!  
 There Spirit, Soul and Body rest


In



In Day and Night-Time:  
The other for the Body one has,  
Such as one can, yet a clean Place.  
The Side's Canal doth flow all round,  
The Angels also watch the Ground,  
While needful Sleep comes meetly:  
Thus one sleeps in Him sweetly.

**G**Rant, that under thy Protection  
I may have a quiet Rest,  
Free from Sin's Load and Infection;  
Count me 'mong thy Children blest;  
Soul and Body, Heart and Mind  
Keep from Harm of ev'ry Kind:  
Friends, (yea Foes too) & all Kindred  
Be to thy Tuition tender'd.

**T**O thy open Side, that Bed so tender,  
This Night, O Redeemer dear!  
We, thy Children, bound to recommend are  
(Thou our Intercession hear!)  
Thy dispers'd ones through Earth's ev'ry  
Border,  
Those in Pilgrim-, Household-, Village-  
Order:  
Where they are, on Sea or Land,  
Bless them with thy thro'-pierc'd Hand.

 **O**NE more Petition, (O my God,  
'Tis in thy Pow'r to grant it,  
Thou Man of Wounds, who  
try'd Death's Road!)

That I, with Faith undaunted,  
My Race may run here not supine;  
And yet at my Departure,  
Were I Martyr,  
Trust in no Works of mine,  
But in free Grace's Charter.

**C**HOose for me, dearest Jesus,  
According to thy Heart:  
If Smart get Leave to seize once,  
Yet bid it soon depart.

**S**ick-bed Pains are sooth'd and charmed,  
Since Thou hast ev'n Death disarmed.

**A**llot my Tent a Pain, that is  
Not too sharp or incessant;  
And grant, that when my Breath shall  
cease,  
The Manner may be decent.

**Y**Es, let my Mouth expiring  
On thy dear Breast-recline,  
And be true Life acquiring.  
From that pierc'd Heart of thine!

Lamb

\* o \*

**L** Amb! this Fellow-member here  
 Precious was to us, and dear:  
 But 'tis thy Will! weigh'd with Thee,  
 Our own Life not dear would be.

**N**ow then reside within His Joy,  
 Blush at thyself eternally,  
 And th' higher thy Spouse raiseth thee:  
 Of Him, while He lives, joyful be.

2. Meanwhile that Church do not forget,  
 Which cannot perfect be as yet;  
 Put on account of Faults and Wants,  
 For Christ's Soul always weeps & pants.

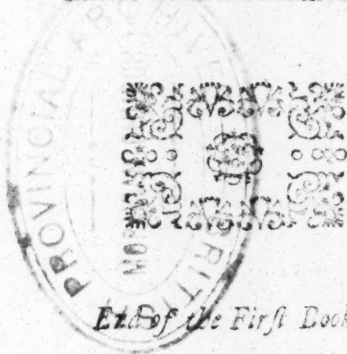
\* o \*

**D**ear Friends! permit me to relate  
 My present History:  
 On which his my Eyes doth fate,  
 And this is, only HE.

**O**h yee! who stands in Sight  
 With Vesture bloody,  
 Is my Friend lily-white,  
 For me once ruddy.  
 I in his holy Stem  
 Have been engrafted,  
 By sweet Scent of that Lamb  
 To God's House lifted.

- Could

**C**ould ye, imbody'd Souls! one Hour  
 But pry behind the Curtain,  
 What Love is shewn your Member poor  
 By the dear Lamb, I'm certain  
 Not one of you could bear to stay  
 In best earthly Condition,  
 But with Love-tears would the same Day  
 Extort his own Dismission.



*End of the First Book.*

oy

ay